

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1919

Want Clothing Less Costly? Then, My Lady of Fashion, You'll Have to Standardize

"So Long as the Woman Shopper Demands the Last Degree of Chameleon Fashion," Says Publisher Fairchild of Women's Wear, "So Long Will Prices Be Necessarily High Under the Present Conditions of Labor and Material."

By Zoe Beckley

HOW much are clothes going to cost in the fall anyhow? First we read a paragraph warning us to stock our cellars—I mean our wardrobes—with as goodly a board of boots and bonnets, suits and stockings, as our purse permits, against the day the profiteer once more rewrites the price tag. Next morning appears the cheering tale that shoes will take a tumble. And wool is going down. Then we learn that up in the New England fabric mills the hands are refusing to work more than three days a week, which must raise the cost of clothing still another notch. Follows President Wilson's message urging production, and once more we see a gleam of hope for our fattened pocketbooks. Sifting it all down, what's going to happen? How far will our dollar go?

"If I knew the answer," exclaimed A. E. Fairchild, one of the publishers of Women's Wear, "about a million manufacturers and dealers in wearables would tote me round on their shoulders as the hero and prophet of the hour."

"Personally, I feel that the zenith has been reached. There never has been so complex a situation in labor, in manufacture and in marketing as now exists. But the workers and the proprietors are getting together. Cooperation and friendly relations are becoming more and more the rule."

"If the high wages now earned by labor do not cause it to shrink both the six-day week and quality of production, there should be a full market and fair prices. In other words, if the factory people will continue to take an interest in producing good stuff, and in working steadily, the manufacturers will not have to charge so much for risk."

"But there are other ifs. If women, for instance, would be content with more standardized fashions, they would instantly bring down the cost of clothing many degrees. As it is, ignorance chances are taken on a certain scale. If it goes well, huge sales and profits result. If not, it means a dead loss on the season's output. You can't put away women's hats and suits in cold storage and sell them next season, no matter how excellent the material, how fine the workmanship."

Indeed you can NOT. The American woman wants her clothes on the "fresh every hour" principle. Wear the April fashion in boots in August? Horrors, no! In April they were wearing long, pointed vamps in chocolate brown. September decrees a shorter vamp, and in color, gray! Mrs. Tarrara, across the ball, buys her boots at Southern Brothers and pays eighteen dollars a pair. Does John expect his own little wife to get HER boots in a bargain basement? And wear old-fashioned frights and last year's leftovers?

Finny "Fish" Skirt Latest From Paree



THIS is the age of frills! In most instances they are of plicated organdy, lavishly used. The skirt of mauve shantung shown here gives its wearer an appearance strikingly resembling a fish, so flimsy is the effect.

Doesn't John want HER to be dressed as well as that Tarrara woman? John does. Of course, of course—there, there! And here's some money. Now, fit a wife, go right out and buy herself some pretty-pretty, just like Mrs. Tarrara—dear, even. John wants his fita wife to be the best dressed woman on the block.

John finds the bankroll somewhere, somehow, and the retailer smiles even as the Cheshire cat. There are women, of course, lots of them, who are not John's wife. Women who are not given over body and soul to the passion for "style." Mr. Fairchild cites an incident to illustrate:

"A high-grade department store in New York," says he, "advertised a sale of suits and dresses the other day at \$25 and \$35. We went up several of our women experts to see what these garments really were. They reported that the clothes were \$50 and \$55 values. Material and workmanship were of the best. The 50 per cent. reduction was solely because they were the models of two seasons ago!"

"One of our women editors came back wearing one of the suits and carrying a dress or two. She declared herself as preferring quality to fleeting fashion—and she surely got her money's worth."

"The power of regulating prices lies with the consumer, especially the woman consumer. So long as the shopper demands the last degree of chameleon fashion, the highest degree of luxury in shop furnishings, the fifth degree of accommodation in credit, delivery, approval sales and 'exchanges,' so long will prices be necessarily high under the present unstable conditions of labor and material."

"In my opinion, though I do not pretend to know with any certainty, nobody does, there will be plenty of suits, shoes, hats and other wearables on the autumn market that show no alarming increase in price. But they will be more nearly 'standard' styles. Extremes of quality, cut and workmanship will be higher."

An example of the sort of thing that will give John an attack of chills and fever when Wife presents the bill is the "short-sleeved fur coat" which is said to be one of the fall offerings of the Rue de la Paix. Many wives will become victims of insomnia until they possess a short-sleeved fur coat. Manufacturers will produce it—the high priced one in sable, the humbler one in rabbit skin and near cat. They will take a chance in putting it on the market. Will it be popular? Will it not? If it is, hooray, hooray, the profits will be fat. If it isn't, the profits will be boosted on other goods until the loss is covered. Sensible women must suffer for the frivolous sisters.

It was that one-time master of master-couturiers, Paquin, who said some years ago:

"If I contrive to produce one big success in five years—ten seasons—it pays me. Women will pay anything for whatever strikes their exotic fancy."

That tells the tale. It is the super-luxuries, the "exotic" styles, that cost us so fabulously. We may be ever so willing to wear "standard" shoes and sensible suits. But so long as John's wife demands the last word in fashion, the consumer's temple is on Tariffa and taxes and embargoes and freight rates and this, that and the other are behaving even as the chameleon. The consumer's temple is doubtful. And no one knows quite where he's at. So they think they'll boost prices again, just for luck. But for your clothes next fall depends up on whether you must have "the latest" or whether the "standard" will do.

Midsummer Romance of Artist Christy Return to Type of Springtime

"No Matter How Often a Man Marries, He Always Reverts to the Same Physical Type"—Ancient Matrimonial Lore Which Christy's Romance Confirms.

Both Past and Present Mrs. Christy Were Models for the Artist's Famous Christy Girl, and Both Are Markedly Similar in Facial Type.



By Marguerite Moores Marshall

No matter how often a man marries, he always reverts to the same physical type.

Is that ancient bit of matrimonial lore really true? It would seem to be confirmed most interestingly in the recent marriage of Howard Christy, the famous illustrator, and the artistic godfather of the American girl, to his very pretty model, Mrs. Nancy May Palmer.

For this is Mr. Christy's midsummer romance, metaphorically as well as literally. On his application for a marriage license he admitted to being forty-seven—an age well removed from the "mere and yellow leaf" of autumn, but yet not the height of spring.

Some twenty years ago Mr. Christy's springtime love affair flowered when he wedded beautiful Maybelle Thompson. A definite blight settled on this romance when he obtained a final decree of divorce last spring. The former Mrs. Christy is now Mrs. Leslie Canfield Ferguson, the wife of a New York lawyer. But if you will compare her photograph, which she gave me several years ago for The World, with the photograph of the present Mrs. Christy, you cannot but observe the marked similarity in the shape of the faces and the contour of the features. Friends of Mr. Christy, who have seen both women, declare that they are of the same general physical type.

Both the past and the present Mrs. Christy have served as models for the famous Christy girl—"Two model wives," as the Office Jester pointed out before I truly stop him. Each romance was truly artistic and temperamental.

The little bride, whom her husband calls "the prettiest woman in America," and who confessed on her wedding day to being "the happiest woman in the country," is a daughter of New York State. She has been Mr. Christy's model for several years, and their marriage proves that despite all details, there is some sentiment in the studios, some possibility of romance between the artist and the beauty whose charms he constantly studies and depicts. Mrs. Christy was the original of the inspiring



young woman who adorned her husband's patriotic posters during the war—"Americans All," "I Want You" and "Fight or Buy Bonds." She is only twenty-seven and was widowed ten years ago.

The first marriage of Mr. Christy, although apparently very happy at its inception, was for years an "off again, on again" affair, permeated with artistic temperament. Just ten years ago, on a snowy Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. Maybelle Thompson Christy talked to me about it, in the New York home of her mother, while I admired her big brown eyes, her ivory-white skin and her ropes of silky dark hair. She is of Southern blood, and the daughter of an army officer. At that time her husband was living in Zanesville, O., and with him was their daughter Natalie, whose possession was a bone of contention between father and mother.

"I know that my husband would seek a reconciliation," Mrs. Christy sighed then, "if only it were not for the influences to which he is subjected." She attributed their difficulties to her husband's interests in the teachings of a certain religion, and she discussed the situation with dramatic fervor and feeling.

Later there was a suit in Ohio, with allegations from Mr. Christy that his wife's family interfered too much with his domestic affairs and that he desired to pursue his art in quiet Zanesville, while she preferred New York; while her counter allegations dealt with his fondness for conviviality and for Christian Science.

A rather pathetic letter from her to the man who was then her husband was made public. "I annoy you and you are miserable with me," she wrote, "so why not end our relationship with some of the sweetness with which we began it? Life is too short to harbor malice. Personally, I hold only the dearest thoughts of you. I can only remember the best of you, somehow, and I am glad to forget the heartache."

"I am tired, tired of neglect, tired of living without love and care. And I want it because I can't take good care of myself, somehow. I feel like a little child to-night, all worn out with play, and I want somewhere to lay my head and cry it all out. I want warmth and light. The darkness frightens me."

There were numerous rumors of reconciliation between the artist and the artist's wife, and at least one suit for divorce was brought and then withdrawn. Last spring, however, the law definitely intervened between the two, and now both have sought matrimonial happiness elsewhere.

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

Write it Down

PEN and ink, crystallizing facts and figures in indelible design are irrefutable and incontrovertible. To be sure to remember—and not misremember—"write it down!" Memory is fickle and treacherous. Apparently ineradicable impressions turn transient—evaporate—become illusory or elusive—are eventually hopelessly lost. The only way to preserve and insure permanence of precision is to "write it down."

Memory is a huge ever-shifting quicksand. Mental notes and jottings are quickly erased and effaced. Put "it" in your notebook—later you'll have it at your fingers' ends and tongue's tip. You can't gain or retain places or plaudits till you learn to "write it down."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1919

Summer Girls of 1919 DIAGNOSED BY A DICKY-BOYS DIARY

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)



No. 8—The Canoe Girl

THE Canoe Girl! The Dream Girl I should like to call her. For 'tis but to dream of beautiful things when 'ere she is my passenger in the canoe on the lake. I met her at the inn. I remember the introduction vividly. She was reclining languorously on the divan of the summer porch. Her eyes looked afar. The cool lake looked so inviting. Before I knew it I had spoken.

"Do I enjoy the water?" she answered. "I like nothing better. Oh, the water, the beautiful, beautiful water!" I learned afterward her mother was a W. C. T. U., while her father was a lighthouse keeper in Kentucky. Oh, boy! She was good to look upon. Lithe of limb, a shimmery silken gown which curled in tantalizing curves about her graceful form. The curves of her well rounded arms seemed itching to place themselves upon your shoulder patronizingly. The corse parol served to accentuate the rough tint of her cheeks, while the way she carried it proved it was meant for two. I learned this afterward, and it proved a subtle shelter for scores of quiet tete-a-tetes in the canoe.

But when I switched the conversation to love, Cecilia would look at me innocently, her dark eyes full of wonder. How can a girl of twenty-two get that way, I ask? Three times I asked Cecilia if she knew what love was. Again those innocent eyes. Three times I bit off the ends of perfectly good cigarette holders. Heigh ho, heigh ho, I'll get her yet!

Shaves and Haircuts

By Neal R. O'Hara

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

GETTING your hair cut nowadays is a major operation. Barber gives it to you with gas. And charges as much as a first-class purgative. Last time we got a hair-cut—oh, a couple of months ago—it cost 50 cents. If that's their idea of cut rates, good night! Barber's idea is to give a trimming both ways. He parts your hair in the middle and you part with your dough in the end.

Don't like the way a barber says, "You're next!" You may BE next, but he's gonna GIT next. For 50 cents. Get your hair cut and the barber not only soaks you. He rubs it in. Only thing that pleases us is when the barb says, "Wet or dry?" We always vote Wet. Barb tosses two fingers of bay rum on your dome and if you stick out your tongue you can catch a few drops rolling down. Chief trouble is, most of the bay rum stays under the locks—just like all the rest of the booze.

Cross-questioning starts when the barb's got the mattress filling off your crown. "Shampoo?" Nope. "Dandruff cure?" Nope. "Hair tonic?" Nope. "Skull perfume?" Nope. "Phrenology?" Nope. Customer offers no defense. Barb finds him guilty of being a tightwad. Fines him 50 cents for the hair-cut and 10 cents for a tip. Your money goes like sixty.

Same kind of larceny for a shave. Twenty cents. Only reason a shave is lower, barb figures, is easier to cut your face than it is your hair. Barb furnishes the sticking plaster himself. Also does the sticking. Barbers are the only razor guys that don't believe in safety first. Don't believe in safety at all—not even when they're shaving a victim. Barb smiles when customers kick at 20-cent shaves and say they're gonna use a safety razor. Barb says, "Oh, they'll come back in a couple of days." They do come back, too. Come back for more blades.

Some joints now have lady barbers. Not exactly an innovation. As we recall it, Delilah was the first lady barb. Back in the days when Samson was making temples crack under the strain, Delilah cut Sampy's hair and he lost his strength. And we know just how he felt. Had our hair cut in a swell hotel recently and we felt weak ourself when they told us the price.

Lady barbs make a lot of difference. Customers don't object to hearing 'em talk. Gopi can give the lady barb the once-over while she's giving him the twice-over for a shave. Lady barbs even catch the baldheaded trade for hair-cuts.

Easy for tonsorial maids to pick up the trade. Start cutting teeth when they're three months old and eighteen years later they start cutting hair. Only requirement is, lady barb must have a single-track mind. But no objection if there's a switch on it. Know an old guy that used a safety razor for years. Found out one day they had lady barbers. Went home and threw away the safety razor. Looked up a lady barb and now he's an old blade. Yup, lady barbs have changed the complexion of the barber's biz. Oh, you Barbara!

WITH THE INVENTORS. Electrical apparatus has been invented by a Japanese with which all movements of a ship can be controlled from the bridge without signaling to the engine room.